

THE BUNGALOW

Drawings by Walter Biggs

BY HAPSBURG LIEBE

ACTING upon the suggestion of a brother physician, Dr. Ross MacKenzie had hastily packed a camping outfit, supplied himself with fowling piece and ammunition, and gone as far from civilization as he could conveniently get. His wife, being an ardent advocate of outdoor life, had accompanied him to the wilds of a limb of the Smokies known as Bays Mountain. The good doctor needed the recreation: they were his first days off duty in four years.

It was in the afternoon of the fifth day, that the storm came. The lightning flashed with its roaring thunder, and rain swept in sheets. The little white tent at the head of Black Rock Cove was in imminent danger of being blown away. It had been put up securely, however, and withstood the onslaught well.

Then, just before the fall of night, the wind died as suddenly as it had been born, the rain ceased, and only the scent of the wet leaves remained to remind the campers of the violent fit the elements had so recently undergone.

Within the tent the doctor, a tall man with a yellowish Vandike beard, kindly eyes, and an air of professionalism, looked strangely out of place, seated as he was on a soapbox and engaged in wiping out the barrels of his gun. His wife, a stately woman with a mother face and patient lips, as well looked out of place; even though she sat on a camp chair a foot above her husband.

"The two men you were talking with today," said Mrs. MacKenzie, perhaps a bit tremulously, "who were they?"

"I forget their names. They told me why this is called Bays Mountain," said the doctor evasively. "There was once a bay horse ran wild hereabouts. Interesting, isn't it?"

"Don't, Ross, please!" the woman protested. "You were wrought up when you left those men—what was it about?"

MacKenzie put aside his gun and rose, crossing his arms over his chest. "To woman," and he smiled good humoredly, "there is nothing so annoying as unsatisfied curiosity, I presume. I didn't mean that you should worry about it; but—well, there is a notorious mountain outlaw and moonshiner at large in the vicinity, Elsa. The men you named were officers on the hunt for him. His name is Eb Solomon. Want to move headquarters tomorrow?"

A look of relief crossed the good woman's face. "No," said she; "he wouldn't harm us. We are no enemies of his."

Darkness fell rapidly, wrapping the mountains in a misty shroud. With it came so deep a silence that the doctor and his wife kept up constant conversation to keep the earbells away. The silence of wet mountains is deeper than that of death. Now and then a shivering owl poured out its heart in a melancholy trill; once for a moment they heard the dismal drone of a long-tongued house fly far away; but other than these sounds the hills were still—so very still!

AN hour passed. Suddenly MacKenzie sat erect on his low perch, bending an ear to catch a faint sound as of feet scuffling through damp leaves. The woman at his side clutched at her dress below her throat. Both heard the dragging approach of men who bore a heavy burden. They were coming nearer. MacKenzie went to the doorway, the lamp in his hand.

"Hello, Doctor!" It was one of the officers he had met the morning before that spoke. "We've got a case for you here."

The physician threw the tentflap wide and admitted the men. On the narrow camp bed they put a slender figure dressed in furs from head to foot. The chief garment was a brown bearskin; about her lower limbs and feet were leggings and moccasins of racoon hide; crowning her long, black, plaited hair was a cap made of gray squirrel skin. Her arms, browned by sun and wind, were uncovered, and were tightly locked about a large Bible whose pages had a forest leaf here and there between them.

"We heard her groaning," said one of the men, "and found her lying stretched out on the ground, face downward, almost unconscious. We couldn't get the book from her arms, nor could we get her to speak. It was some two miles from here. I believe there's a connection between this case and that of Eb Solomon. Let's go, Frank."

And without another word they were gone into the darkness.

MacKenzie motioned his wife to bring the lamp nearer. She did so, and its rays revealed a darkly beautiful face, though much tanned and worn. She was only



"Oh, I Was Lonely! I Had No Friend but Luke, and He Was Gone."

unconscious—MacKenzie quickly ascertained that fact by placing his fingers on the slim wrist. Then he put a flask to her motionless lips, and began to chafe the brown arms.

"Look here, Elsa!" he whispered lowly to Mrs. MacKenzie. "If we were anywhere else, I'd call her a Mexican. She'll be around in a moment. I can't find an injured spot, so far. She holds this book so tight that I can't examine her chest as I— Look!"

The figure stirred, interrupting his examination. Slowly the eyes opened, but with a half vacant light; as slowly the lips pinkened and opened too; and in good English flavored with a foreign accent she cried:

"Luke! Luke! Where is he? Oh, where is Luke Addison?"

Mrs. MacKenzie smoothed back the hair from the troubled brow, and bent until her lips were near to the dark face. "Don't worry, Dear," she said with motherly solicitude: "it will be all right, I'm sure."

"But where is Luke Addison?" cried the fur-clad figure, writhing as if in some terrible anguish. "Oh, *Maria Santissima*, I did no wrong! Luke! Luke Addison!"

Again did the doctor's wife croon comforting words to the torn spirit that lay prostrate on her bed. "There, I wouldn't worry," she admonished gently. "Just tell me all about it, won't you, Dear?"

The doctor nodded his head affirmatively. "It will be good for her," he whispered. "Let her talk, if she is sufficiently strong—and I think she is. Perhaps it will unburden her mind."

TELL you—" murmured the stricken woman. "Yes, I will tell you! Why is it so dark? Ah, I remember—it was the blaze! It was not I: it was the vengeance of God. I will tell you all, *Maria Santissima*; and if I did no wrong will you let me stay—will you take me to the bungalow and to Luke—my Luke Addison?"

Mrs. MacKenzie looked questioningly toward her silent husband. He nodded. "Yes," said she, "I will take you to the bungalow."

"I am a Mexican—you know that," said the prostrate figure, still with the strange light in her dark eyes. "You know how I left my country when a child because of poverty and went to Texas to work. It was there that I learned to speak in Luke's tongue."

"To the ranch there came one day a young man. His face and shoulders were strong. He smiled always, because he was a happy man with an unburdened soul; and his laugh was like the clink of golden coins. This was Luke Addison. He had come to Texas to make his fortune, I thought at the time. He had come from the mountains of the East. I was grown then."

"One day he rode his cowpony in too early in the evening. He did it because he wanted to see me and talk with me; for he had always liked me. The big, brown-bearded man who owned the ranch was angry and told him to go. As he started out on foot, his effects tied in a big handkerchief, I stood watching him with a strange feeling at my heart. When he was out of the fence that surrounded the house, he turned and waved his hat to me."

"Won't you go with me?" he asked; then, as if ashamed of himself, he blushed in his tan and turned away.

"I stood there on the long, narrow veranda watching his big shoulders swing as he walked. When a quarter of a mile away, he looked back and waved his hat again to me. I went blind to everything but Luke Addison then. I hurried into the house and snatched up my broad hat and began to run after him. It took me an

hour to catch up with him; for he did not look back until he heard me coming. Then he stopped and put down his bundle. He came to meet me, with his strong arms stretched wide. I ran into them; and I had not the breath to speak with, because I was so tired. He put my head on his shoulder and kissed me. I remember so well!

"Delicia," he said in his big, drawling voice, "Delicia, I am going back home, and I want you to go with me as my wife. I have never told you about everything. I left the mountains, back in Tennessee, because the revenue officers were after me. I have stayed away two years, and now I can go back. Will you go—knowing all?"

"If you want me, I will go with you to the end of the world," I said to him. "Would your people like me?"

"They'd have to," he answered. "I'd make them!" And he laughed like the tinkle of golden coins.

"Then I will go with you," I told him; and I was so glad that I could have him always! I knew he was the kind of man that would love my gray hairs as well as my dark ones. And he was strong too; I had seen him fight two men at the same time and whip them both.

"And then we walked on without speaking, because we could not talk with our hearts in our throats. And when we came to the little town the next morning we were married. After that we boarded a train and went to his mountains. I think sometime I should like to go back there."

THE Mexican woman paused dreamily. Dr. MacKenzie put the brandy flask to her lips again. Then she resumed, speaking slowly and easily:

"Luke had an enemy in the mountains. I call him Blackbeard. It should be Blackheart. This man gave it out almost before we arrived that Luke had married a half-nigger! Luke's own mother turned him out of doors; so did everyone else. I couldn't help being dark; it was God that made me dark. We were outcasts. People fled from us. I was not sorry for myself; but I was sorry for Luke. I wanted him to send me away; but he wouldn't."

"So Luke and I lived in a cavern until we had built a house of logs to live in. It was built against a great oak tree—a great giant of a tree. I remember so well seeing Luke's big arms swing the ax to notch the logs and split the boards that covered the little house."

"For two years we were happy in our cabin. I was worried only because I knew Luke hunted the Blackbeard now and then to kill him. We had no children; and—*Maria Santissima*! we wanted them so! Still, we were happy. There were no houses near to ours, and we didn't miss the companionship of others as we should had we close neighbors who shunned us. Luke bought grain from people living in the lowlands, and in the little upstairs of our cabin he made it into whisky. This he took to the foot of the mountains, where he hid it; and someone always got it, but left money in its place."

"One day Luke took me on his knee as if I were a little child, as he often did, and said to me, 'Delicia, we can't stand this here. We have three hundred dollars. Suppose I take it and go to town and buy for us one of those little, green, snoopish looking houses—what you call them?—yes, a bungalow. They are pretty, Delicia, I can work for our living. People wouldn't turn up their noses at us there. Shall I?'

"I was glad when he told me this; for I thought it would be better. 'Yes,' I told him, 'I should like to

have one of those little houses. Just the least one would do for us: we have no children."

"Then I saw poor Luke's face grow sad and wistful—he talked more of children than anything else. Oh, he loved them! So Luke took the three hundred dollars and set out for the city on foot. It was two days' travel."

THOSE were five of the longest days of my life. I imagined everything. Perhaps, I thought, something would happen to Luke; perhaps the Blackbeard would waylay him. Oh, I was lonely! I had no friend but Luke, and he was gone.

"On the morning of the fifth day I awoke before any of the forest birds had opened their eyes. Luke was to come that evening. I was gladder than I can tell. At noon I began to watch for him to come along the path that wound up through the cove from the foothills. All the afternoon I sat in the cabin doorway, watching the bend at the hollow beech for him. I did not move except to put wood on the fire to keep the food warm. I knew he would be hungry."

"The sun was lying down when I saw him turn the curve in the path, there at the hollow beech, just below the blown-down oak. I cried for joy—I was so glad to see him again! I ran down through the laurel to meet him. And long before I was near him I heard him singing. I shall never forget the song—I shall sing it to him in the bungalow. When I first heard him I knew he had been near to his God. It was an old song that the mountainfolk sing at their churches when they go. As the words arose like golden-winged birds I stopped to listen. Luke's drawing voice was ever beautiful to me: now it was thrice beautiful."

The Mexican woman stopped suddenly. After a thoughtful moment she sang lowly, gently, sweetly:

"I saw a wayworn traveler,
In tattered garments clad,
Go toiling up the highway;
It seemed that he was sad.
His back was heavy laden,
His strength was almost gone;
But he shouted as he journeyed,
'Deliverance will come!
Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory, I shall wear!

"As he came up to me I saw on his dust-covered features the light of a great glory and a great victory indeed; his tired face was bright with a joy that I could not understand. Afraid, I sank to the moss beside the path. And when he came up he caught me in his strong arms and carried me to the cabin."

"Then he unwrapped a book and put it on our little rough table. I made him sit down; and I bathed his tired, aching feet while he ate. I wouldn't let him talk until he had finished. He obeyed me as a child obeys its mother. *Maria Santissima!* we never had a child! "Now," he said, after he had dined, 'I'll tell you about the bungalow. Delicia, they wanted three thousand dollars for the very least one!'"

"I saw the shadow of pain filling his deep, honest eyes, and I went to him and sat on his knee. 'What a pity!' I laughed. 'Well, we can stay here, I suppose.'"

"He was silent for a long time. Then he picked up the Great Book and began to turn through it. I saw that he had marked a place by putting an oak leaf between the pages. I asked why it was there. He pointed along with his finger as he read:

"'Inasmuch as ye have . . . unto one of the least of these ye have . . . unto me.' The sweetest sentence in the book."

"After he had read it, he turned his fine eyes to me, and I saw a tenderness steal into them. I knew what it was: he was about to cry."

"'Delicia,' he said almost in a whisper, and his voice was even with strength drawn from his soul, measured, like the time of sad music, 'Delicia, I found a bungalow of pearl and gold. And I found that I must not kill the Blackbeard—in this Book. Our bungalow will be in God's Heaven, Delicia!'"

"Tell me about—the bungalow," I asked, my arms about his neck.

"When I knew I couldn't buy the little home," he told me, "I felt so disappointed that I went to walking up and down the hard streets, thinking. I saw a new banjo, and I bought it. Then, as I walked along, I saw a man standing on the street ringing a bell before a tin box with a slot in the top. I asked what the box was for. He told me it was to put money in for a Fourth of July dinner for the orphans, the little homeless children. I thought it was a game put up to get people's money; but the man offered to

take me and show me the babies if I wanted to see them."

"Did you see them?" I asked quickly.

"Yes," replied my blessed Luke Addison, 'I saw them. They took me into a big house—and, Delicia, it was full of all kinds and sizes of babies! They gave me a chair, and I sat down. Then the little dimple-mouths crowded all over me, laughing and jabbering, jabbering in the language that only God and them know! I tuned up my new banjo and played for them—and you should have seen them! Part of them tried to sing; the others sat about on the floor and rocked their little bodies in time to the banjo. I asked for four,—two girls and two boys, the cutest little beggars you ever saw,—but they wouldn't let me have them.'"

"Why?" I asked. And I felt disappointed.

"You have to be able to give them a good home," said Luke; 'which means that you've got to be worth a certain amount, I guess. Then—then I—I did the next best thing: I gave them all the money I had! I did it because I helped to put those babies there—whisky, you know, caused lots of it. I've made lots of whisky. But I'm not going to make another drop, Delicia! The people at the orphanage gave me a Bible, and I'm going to live by it, Delicia! So help me God, I am! We can dig ginseng and mica out of the old mountain's heart and live by it. Life is short—we'll have the bungalow when we die—'"

Here the Mexican woman paused again. Mrs. MacKenzie leaned farther over and said, "If you are tired, don't try to talk more now. Surely, you are tired."

But the fur-garbed figure on the little bed paid no heed to the words of the doctor's wife. Still, with the half-vacant, far away look, she resumed, "All the day following my blessed Luke read the Great Book. When he came to words that he wanted to live by, he marked the place with a leaf."

IT was the next Sunday morning that the Blackbeard came. I saw him standing just outside the cabin doorway, and I knew he was not there for a good purpose. His evil face was drawn with anger. He called Luke Addison to the door.

"Luke Addison," he said, and it sounded to me as the hissing of a viper, 'Luke Addison, why did you send the revenueurs out here? They caught my brother yesterday and took him for making moonshine whisky. I ought to kill you—you half-nigger!' He had connected Luke's going to the city with the coming of the hated revenue officers.

"I did not do that," replied my Luke, evenly and truthfully. 'You,' he went on, 'have already deserved

death at my hands. Leave the presence of my wife while I can control my trigger finger!'"

"The Blackbeard then pulled from beneath his clothing a long-barreled revolver and aimed it at my husband. 'You get down on your knees and pray to me!' said he to Luke."

"Luke laughed at it—laughed right in his eyes. 'You are too much of a coward,' he said, 'to shoot a man to his face. You are like a weasel—you cut throats in the dark. I pray only to my God!'"

"Here Luke Addison walked straight up to the Blackbeard and took the pistol barrel between his teeth. 'Shoot, you weasel!' he taunted. 'Shoot, you stone-bruise on the heel of civilization!'"

"The Blackbeard did not shoot—not then. He was a coward, a weasel, a serpent. When Luke loosed the pistol barrel, the demon turned and walked away. He went up the mountainside to his left, and disappeared in the thick maze of laurel. Then Luke turned to me and began to speak; but the sound of a shot cut short his words."

"Oh, God! The Blackbeard had shot my Luke Addison in the back! And as he fell in at the doorway, he cried out, 'I told you you were a weasel—you have proved it. Come to me—Delicia, Delicia!'"

"Luke Addison, my own Luke Addison, was dead! The laugh that sounded like the tinkle of gold on gold was stilled forever. I was alone in a strange world that was blind—that called me a half-nigger. Oh, God of my husband, I was what you made me! I could change my color no more than I could change the color of the sky. But—as I was, Luke Addison loved me."

"And when I saw him covered in the breast of the mountain with my own hands, I knelt and prayed and thanked his God for the promise of hell in the Great Book. I prayed that, in the depths of it, there might be a place so deep and dark that the eternal fire was black, where flame was flame without its color. Only such a place was fit for the weasel that took my husband's life."

"And after I had prayed I swore to kill the weasel. I swore to devote my whole life thereafter, my every breath and thought, to that one end. I swore to avenge the death of my blessed Luke Addison. Then I took Luke's Bible, marked with leaves as he had left it, his rifle and revolver and the ammunition he had brought from the city, and went back farther into the wilds. To stay at the cabin would have been to be accused of taking Luke's life. I knew the Blackbeard would tell that."

I LIVED in caves, going about only at night—except a little in daytime for food when I was sure no one was near to see me. I ate anything and everything. I

was a wild woman. When my clothing wore out, I dressed in the skins of animals that I had killed. By a miracle I was not seen by man, woman, or child for six years. I kept the Bible always; but I never opened it. It was too sacred—with its leaves that Luke had put in it.

"My first chance to kill the Blackbeard was lost. I had lain in a cliff, watching a little trail, for three months. One day he passed; but he was singing that old song that Luke had sung—a serpent with a pearl in its mouth! I tried for several minutes to pull the trigger; but I couldn't stop the song that was filling my heart so full. Poor Luke—poor Luke Addison!"

"Then palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory, I shall wear."

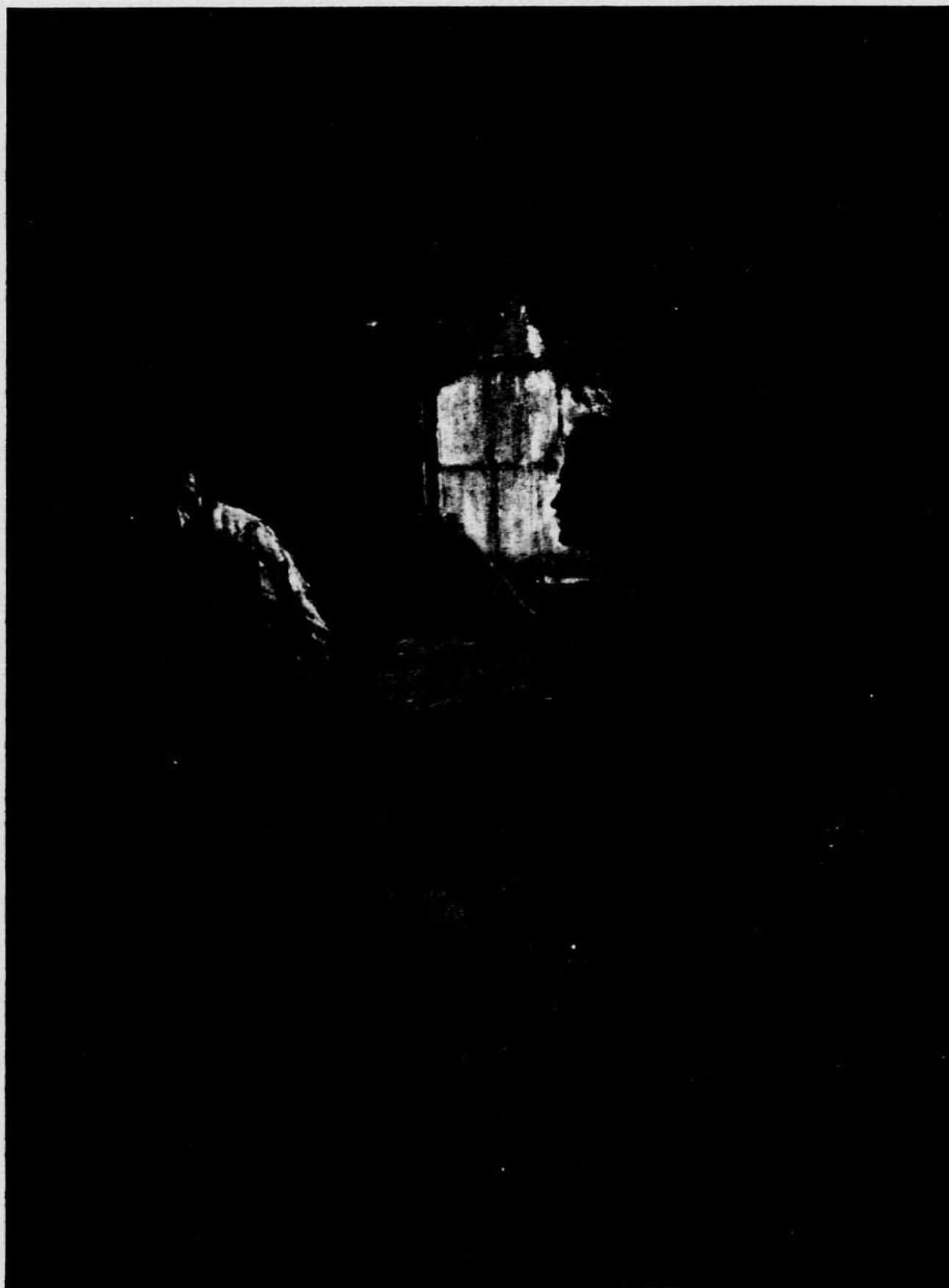
She trailed off sadly into a murmur. Dr. MacKenzie turned away and wiped hard at his eyes. A sob shook his wife's motherly breast.

"And I followed the Blackbeard," the woman went on, "for days and days. I could never get near enough to shoot. Thus it was for six years."

"Then I began to long to see the house that Luke had built with his own strong hands; so I went back to it, traveling only at night. It was empty; the door was standing open; there were no signs of life having been there since I had left it. The wild honeysuckle that I had hurriedly planted on poor Luke's grave had grown, and was full of blooms. I crawled up into the little upstairs—no one had molested anything there. Perhaps no one knew anything was up there. And on the hewn board floor I saw a thing that I had put up there six years before. It was Luke's banjo, and it was covered with dust and so old looking. And then my heart broke again and I wept it out over the yellowed skin cover. The crude instrument was so near to Luke that I seemed to feel his presence with it. I seemed to hear again his voice singing the little mountain songs that he used to sing at twilight; I seemed to see his fingers sweeping the strings."

"And lying near was his broad

Continued on page 13



"I Began to Press the Trigger, with the Sights Full Upon His Face."



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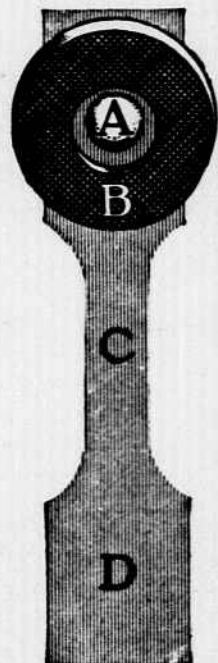
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Tommy. "We can get clothes any place." Every tree objected; but the beech could be heard above them all.

"But, Tommy, we can't get out of these trees!" was the objection from Alice.

"I'll fix that," declared Tommy. "Watch me!" and he started to get down.

"No!" screamed Alice; but Tommy did not heed her.

Alice gave a correct intimation of what was to happen in the future. She promptly jumped down to her bench. Tommy, scared, chalk-white, scrambled back up in the oak. Alice drew herself up in her beech again, while the dog circled breathlessly from one tree to the other.

"You'll miss your train," grinned Meredith vindictively.

AT that moment little Angelina Pelkins trotted into the glade, with a torn rag doll in her hand. She was a blue-eyed child with a wealth of golden hair, and she wore a stiffly starched white frock with pale blue ribbons.

There was a shout of horror from every tree, as the mad dog started toward her. Tommy Teller dropped from his tree like a shot, and started to head off the dog; but he stumbled over a root and fell headlong. Roland Meredith attempted to get down; but he went over backward. Lemuel W. Custer

slid down over Father Boggs; but a branch cracked, and both men hugged each other and the tree with the desperation of dying men. Mother Boggs emitted scream after scream, and slipped from her apple tree in pure nervousness; but her legs were so numbed that she could not stand on them. Alice, though screaming healthily jumped to her bench and grabbed the remnants of her pink parasol.

Alas! all these people were too slow! There was no earthly help for little Angelina Pelkins! The mad dog rushed straight on at her, and when he got up quite close he sprang in front of her, with his ferocious head on his paw—and wagged his tail. Little Angelina Pelkins stooped over and slapped him on the ear.

"Bad dog!" she exclaimed, with flashing eyes and a stamp of her white-slipped little foot. "You tore my dolly! You dot Becky's totten on your mouf!"

She tried to slap him again; but he rolled over and wagged his four paws so ridiculously in the air that she laughed and forgave him.

"Is ou sorry?" she asked, and sat down on him to pat his head.

Father Boggs came striding over with a club.

"Don't you touch Rolly, Daddy!" implored Alice. "We're going to take him along to Cuba. Hurry, Tommy!"

THE BUNGALOW

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felt hat with its band of leather. I had put it there too before I went. And the band was warped and rat eaten. 'My God!' I cried out of the misery of my tortured heart. 'My God!' It was all I could say. Whether I was a half-nigger or not, I was suffering as much as human hearts can bear and not smother to death. And I believe that same suffering burned my soul white.

WHEN I went down from the upstairs I stood for several moments in the doorway. Again I seemed to see Luke coming round the bend at the hollow beech just below the blown-down oak, with Heaven's hand on his heart and God's Book under his arm.

"And when I stood there a heavily bearded man came running round the corner of the cabin and fell across the doorstep. One arm was limp. He had been shot through the shoulder. Also he had been shot through the neck. At last I had caught the weasel, Blackbeard! In a moment I had dragged him into the house, and was looking about me for something to bring water in.

"Hide me quick!" he cried, suddenly coming to himself. 'The revenuers are after me—they've already shot me twice! Quick—they'll be here in a minute more!'

"With his help I was but a moment getting him into the little upstairs room. Then I took away the ladder and hid it, and there was no visible sign that he was up there. After that I opened a little window and watched the mountainside above the cabin. Presently I saw the officers coming in a wild run. I cried:

"Down the trail! Below the house! Down by the hollow beech and the blown-down oak!" And they ran on by without seeing my garb of furs.

"For three weeks I nursed the Blackbeard, treating him with teas and herbs that Luke had taught me about. I caught him back from the maw of death. I myself stood in its jaw, and forbade it to close its grim mouth. No mother ever nursed more faithfully than did I. We stayed in the little upstairs, that none might see us. I went to the houses along the foothills and stole fowls for food—I did this at night. I brought him back to life—I say I made him live! I made him well by my constant care.

"About the last thing I remember—Wait! Yes—there was a terrible storm in the afternoon. We crept down from the upstairs; for the lightning was flashing like the tongues of angry serpents.

"Blackbeard watched me with softening eyes. Perhaps he had forgotten my identity; either that, or he thought I, being a half-nigger, had forgotten his. 'Woman,' he said to me, 'I owe you my life. It is yours forever if you will have it. We'll go away where they can never find me. Will you love me in return?'

"I turned to him. I threw my arms about his neck and kissed him many, many times—on the face, on the lips, on the forehead. 'Yes,' I said, 'I do love you, as I love no other thing on earth. I will love you always. I would die for you. I cannot tell you how much I love you. I—' A sudden peal of thunder drowned my words.

"As it came, with a deafening noise, the

Blackbeard, suddenly alarmed, put aside my arms and walked to the little boarded window. He opened it a trifle, and looked out into the storm. Then he sat down on a crude bench by the wall, right at the big oak that stood barely outside. I moved the little table that Luke had made between us and myself sat down, but opposite him. On this table lay Luke's leaf-filled Bible, that he himself had opened last. Looking across it, I saw the only love the Blackbeard had ever known shining from his black eyes.

"Then I drew from beneath my bearskin clothing Luke's long-barreled revolver and trained it at the weasel's heart.

"Don't move, Eb Solomon!" I cried above the raging groan of the tempest without. 'Do you think, you weasel, that I have forgotten the time that you shot my husband, Luke Addison, in the back? Eb Solomon, I would have let the officers have you when you came to me, but I wanted to kill you myself! I would have shot you then; but I wanted to take *all* your life—every bit of it! I didn't want to kill half a man; so I nursed you back to health. I made you love me that you might suffer more. No—don't move! I have hunted you every moment since that terrible, terrible day!'

"I saw his face whiten with the fear that only a coward knows. I began to press hard on the trigger, with the sights full upon his face.

THEN there came an awful crash—a great blaze of blue-white, twisting, writhing fire. Eb Solomon, the Blackbeard, the weasel, shot up straight—wrapped in flames that took his soul from his body.

"The lightning had struck the great oak that our cabin had been built against. It tore a great hole in the log walls, it upset the little table; but it did not touch me, except to hurt my eyes with its bright flare. When I began looking about me in the dim storm light, I saw that Luke's Bible had fallen to the floor, and that it was opened at a laurel leaf. I had not known before that it was there; I had thought they were all oak leaves. Stooping, I fell to my hands and knees, and with paining eyes scanned the pages marked by the dead leaf from the mountain's crown. I saw the passage; it had been marked with a pencil. With difficulty I read:

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord."

"And then I knew why Luke Addison did not kill the Blackbeard when he came on that Sunday so long past. There remained only to go to my Luke—my blessed Luke—in the little house in the Heaven of his God. I went up on the mountainside, to the little wild honeysuckle that I had planted, and shot myself with Luke's revolver.

"And now, *Marie Santissima*, you said you would take me to Luke Addison. . . . for I have told you all—and the truth . . . Luke! Oh, Luke Addison—open wide your great arms—for me—your—Delicia!"

Slowly the tanned hands relaxed from their hold on the Book; a smile came over the dark face. Dr. MacKenzie bent over and placed his ear to her chest.

"Elsa," he said brokenly to his sobbing wife, "the poor woman's troubles are over. She has gone to the bungalow."